"STORM AND SUNSHINE." ✣ THE STORY OF A REMARRIAGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

Vienna, Austria, July 21.—It was not a wag, but the stern and learned Judge of the Court of Criminal Correction, who compared to "Storm and Sunshine," the sensational and romantic case of Alois Stefan and his wife, which came before him.

The Stefans are young married people. He is 27, she 24 years old, and they have a little daughter of 5. The father is a well-to-do merchant' tailor; well fixed in this world's goods. His early devotion to the tailor's goose has not been able to soothe his neurotic temperament, and he is easily irritated, and often unreasonably jealous of his wife.

At first there were only bickerings, which ended in kisses. Then the bickerings grew to quarrels. The husband spoke ugly words and made threats. The wife, womanlike, retorted in kind. But they loved each other, and soon the clouds on the conjugal horizon passed, and in the surety of their absorbing love they laughed over their own folly.

Of late the clouds grew denser. For some reason, business troubles, perhaps, Alois Stefan, was more irritable; more jealous than ever. Once he advanced toward her with a burning lamp, and another time he actually struck her. Mrs. Stefan cried bitter tears, left the house and applied for a divorce.

The Storm Was Now at Its Height.

Poor woman—she never dreamed that it would ever come to that. He, too, realized now that he had gone too far. He could not bear to lose the wife, the mother of his darling child, the sweetheart of his boyhood.

Did he tell her so in good, kind language? With his arms around her neck and stroking the pretty, bright hair he loved? Not he! He was too stubborn—too proud, he called it.

"If you leave the house, I'll murder you," he yelled at her, and she, now really frightened, rushed from the house to lodge complaint against him. He was arrested for threatening her life, and the case was docketed for trial.

Meanwhile, the suit for divorce was called and tried. The wife appeared timid and uncertain of her actions; the husband, too, was in a softer mood; but that awful demon, jealousy, troubled him more than ever. Friends, so-called friends, had gossiped and carried tales, and they had worked their worst.

Forgetting the courtroom, the presence of the Judge and a curious audience, he approached her.

"What about Hermann?" he hissed.

A moment before the woman had sat with tears in her eyes. Now she felt offended at his charge and made bitter retort. Following the custom of ages, the Judge tried to pacify their angry passions and reconcile them with each other.

The seed of jealousy, however, was too prodding in the man; his abuse had been too much for the woman.

Suddenly Stefan rushed up to his wife, threw out his arms as if to embrace her, caught her face between his hands and—bit her in the right cheek.

The woman screamed aloud. Bailiffs ran to her assistance and dragged him away. The spectators jumped to their feet and looked threats at the man. Of course, there was nothing to do for the Judge but to give Mrs. Stefan the divorce. A warrant was sworn out against Alois Stefan for assault.

Man and wife lived apart now. The latter took her little daughter with her, and the husband had ample time to reflect upon the situation. When Alois Stefan's case for assault came to a hearing the wife refused to testify against him. The Prosecuting Attorney postponed it, sending for other witnesses. They came to the second hearing of the suit, but their testimony was in no wise effective. Mrs. Stefan was pleased with the progress of the case, or rather with the evident prospect that justice would be defeated, Stefan's attorney saw his advantage and succeeded in convincing the jury that, so far as the threats made against the wife by her husband, no testimony had been elicited that should condemn the accused, and the bite in the cheek was made while the husband was almost insane with grief over the turn his affairs had taken.

As soon as the jury withdrew the wife left her seat among the spectators and joined her husband. Only a scar remained as a silent reminder of the unhusbandly caress. Stefan clasped his wife's hand, and they whispered with each other like happy lovers. The Prosecuting Attorney watched them scornfully, but the stern and wise Judge smiled significantly.

The jury returned in less than fifteen minutes. Stefan was acquitted on the first count, that of threatening his wife's life, but for the second offense, of having bitten her in the cheek, he was sentenced to a week's imprisonment.

"ONCE HE ADVANCED TOWAR D HER WITH A BURNING LAM P."

With beaming countenances, husband and wife received the mild sentence. It was first he and then she who shook the Prosecuting Attorney's hand, that of the foreman of the jury and the stern Judge's. Then and there they declared their intention to remarry.

No pair of lovers about to take the first plunge into the matrimonial sea looked more happy, more eager, more assured of that perfect felicity that comes with the union of two hearts.

"It was storm and sunshine," said the stern and wise Judge, gleefully rubbing his hands over the outcome of this peculiar case.

"I hope it will never get squally again with them," he added, as they left the courtroom, he to begin his week's imprisonment, she to accompany him to the door, from which he would emerge in a week to take her again to the marriage altar.

BAYREUTH FESTIVAL BEGINS MONDAY.

Frau Cosima, the Great Wagner Patron, Will Ask Music Lovers of the World Not to Patronize "Parsifal" Outside of Bayreuth —Refused a Million for the Opera From American Managers.

Special Correspondence of The Sunday Republic.

Bayreuth, Germany, July 2.—On July 22 the great festival plays begin. "The Flying Dutchman," under Mottl, being the initial opera. The cast is made up by Heidkamp, Burgstaller, Kraus, Van Rooy, Bertram, Petter, Destinn and Schumann-Heink, of whom the latter and Van Rooy are favorably known in the United States. "The Flying Dutchman" will be repeated August 1, 4, 12 and 19. On July 25, 26, 27 and 28 the "Nibelungenried" will be sung by Van Rooy, Bertram, Burgstaller, Schmedes, Briess-Schuetz, Friedrichs, Gulbranson and Withranson, under Hans Richter.

Siegfrid Wagner will conduct the same opera on August 15, 16 and 17. But the piece of resistance will be "Parsifal," sung by Van Dyck, Schmeles, Knuepfer, Friedrichs, Blass, Wittich and Guttich. The "Parsifal" performance takes place July 23 and 31, August 5, 7, 8, 11 and 19, Herr Muck conducting.

The town is full of Americans, who point with pride to the fact that many of the principal singers, Van Rooy, Van Dyck, Bertram, Blass and Schumann-Heink, performed their best work in the United States. Several whom your correspondent met this afternoon, and who are new to the place and conditions, intended to remonstrate with Frau Cosima about the "unearthly" hour set for performances, 4 in the afternoon, but on a second consideration decided to save themselves the trouble, particularly as one or two were still without tickets for "Parsifal," the opera which can be heard nowhere but here for the next thirteen years.

Our friends were afraid the astute managers might punish them by refusing to take their money, which is, of course, all nonsense. Cosima has her "notions" certainly, but, above all, she is a business woman, probably the most remarkable the fatherland ever produced.

Frau Cosima as a Manager and Woman of Affairs.

The writer watched her time and again with her musical assistants and stage managers, Mr. Ballin of London, Pohlig of Stuttgart, Luze of Vienna and Kaehler of Mannheim, not to forget Siegfried, her son. Every one of these gentlemen, particularly the last named, is full of self-importance—if you hear them talk of their superhuman talents and achievements over a glass of beer, you wonder that the great Richard's name is at all mentioned in connection with the festival. Pohlig, Luze and Kaehler being so much more essential to success.

But, oh! what a difference when Frau Cosima is around. The sessions of this Advisory Board resemble almost a council of state, where Cosima assumes the role of queen and regent, while her assistants act like mere hirelings, without vote or opinion of their own. Every little while there is a flare-up, though—one or more of the Ministers withdraw, never to see Bayreuth again—but, on the whole, Cosima isn't the tyrant for which she passes. From people whose technical knowledge is above question she even deigns to accept advice occasionally, and when she does quarrel with them, is not unwilling to make it up. Hans Richter, certainly not an angel to get along with, is back again, without Frau Wagner having yielded an iota. The fact is, when a woman is really superior in her line, even the fiercest shouters for man's supremacy are apt to surrender.

Siegfried is very fond of himself and quite satisfied that some day he will be as great as his father, but his mamma, very much unlike other mothers, continues to look upon him as a mere beginner, with plenty to learn. To make that perfectly clear, she decreed that he must alternate with Richter conducting the "Nibelungenreid," one of the severest competitive tests ever heard of. The incomparable Hans, full of years, experience and genius, leading to-day, young Siegfried following him in the chair tomorrow, with the greatest musical critics and critical musicians of all the world looking on and noting down, and gloating over every infinitesimal mistake he may make. If that doesn't put "the son of his father" on his metal nothing will.

Among Frau Cosima's intimates it is whispered that she made the arrangement, not because she loved Siegfried less, but because she places art and ambition above sentiment.

Before the end of the season we will probably hear of some attempt on Frau Cosima's part to persuade festival guests to aid her in the campaign for protecting "Parsifal" against "profanation"—that is, production outside of Bayreuth. Whether such be planned by a Hans Richter or by some ignorant bouffe manager is all the same—"Wagner would turn in his grave at the misuse of his most sacred possession."

The Reichstag having declined to prolong the Wagner copyright after its forthcoming expiration, February 13, 1913—note the profusion of unlucky numbers—Mme. Cosima intends to appeal to the Wagner enthusiasts of the world, asking them for nothing less than their perpetual refusal to patronize any "Parsifal" performance held outside the sacred precinct, no matter by whom or under what favorable circumstances.

The appeal, as formulated by the maestro's widow, will read as follows: "It was Richard Wagner's last will that 'Parsifal' be played nowhere outside of his own theater at Bayreuth, for he intended this opera as a lasting heritage to posterity, representing the best, the purest, the most virginal of all the work he performed during a long and busy life. And as a sacred creation he regarded it worthy to be protected for all time against the vicissitudes and shortcomings to which ordinary theatrical property is subject.

Wagner Wanted "Parsifal" Produced Only in Bayreuth."

"Richard Wagner wanted 'Parsifal' played before the congregation of music lovers that assemble at Bayreuth only, men and women who may be expected to receive this great work in the proper spirit.

"That his heirs have no selfish motive in trying to restrain the performance of 'Parsifal' is self-evident, for though 'Parsifal,' greatest musical property in the world, is absolutely unproductive nowadays, if the rights were sold, even to but a few managers in Europe and America, they would bring in hundreds of thousands per year."

Much as the friends of music may differ with Frau Cosima's attitude in respect to "Parsifal," no one denies that to sell the right of production broadcast would be an excellent stroke of business.

A certain American manager, your correspondent was told, offered a round million dollars for the United States rights alone, even though in thirteen years everybody and anybody may produce "Parsifal" free gratis and for nothing.

To his generous proposition Frau Cosima answered a scornful "no," as she still hopes for unlimited extension of her copyright. Having only her "mission" at heart, and considering naught besides her "sacred duty" to execute Richard Wagner's will, she refuses alike to listen to protests from friend and enemy, and therefore is getting daily more unpopular on the Continent, while the Bayreuthers' love for her increases as she fights for "Parsifal," and, simultaneously, for the townspeople's right to impose upon visitors.

Your correspondent sounded a great many festival arrivals with respect to Cosima's plan for continuing her monopoly of "Parsifal" by "common consent," as she calls it. A number of persons seen were emphatic in denouncing the assumption that the heirs of a great man be privileged to decide who shall and who shall not be allowed to enjoy the ripest fruit of his genius.

"It's a monstrous proposition, even now," said a well-known music-loving New Yorker. "Two people, Mrs. Wagner and son, dictating to all the world how the great composer's greatest work shall be interpreted. The boy certainly knows nothing of his father's intention direct. Whether the widow has a correct, and the only correct, appreciation is a question. But even so, she can't live forever. After her, Siegfried is to be sole boss of the show—we must accept his ideas of how Parsifal is to be played or go without. And if Siegfried should die, his heir, an infant perhaps, is to decide on the merits of the chiefest musical work in the world. Why, that's using art like a patent medicine, the manufacture of which is a secret in the family of the inventor."

A noted conductor from the west of the United States, who begged that his name be withheld, pointed out that the Ninth Beethoven symphony and the second part of Goethe's "Faust" were each as much of a mystery as "Parsifal," yet their author's and their author's heirs had never attempted to reserve them for a favored few. The Westerner, like the rest, was emphatic in protesting against the proposal of allowing the Wagner family to monopolize "Parsifal" for all time and dictate how it should be performed.

"There are greater managers than Frau Cosima and better and more appropriate opera-houses will be built than the Bayreuth Temple of Music," he said. "Besides this talk about 'Parsifal' being a sacred piece that can flourish only in the sacred soil wherein the maestro lies buried is, plainly spoken, the rankest tommy-rot. If you want me to be polite about it, I will say it's a dream and not a beautiful one. Music, like all arts, is progressive. Wagner himself was one of the most progressive of men, who cared little for tradition, yet his widow insists that only she who is imbued with the late composer's traditions can successfully present this work.

"Well, when she launches her appeal among the festival guests, she will be made to understand, once and for all, that the great mass of music lovers resents her proposal as an insule to their intelligence. 'Parsifal' must be free, and until it is free we will never know the limits of its possibilities.

"Do you know," continued the American conductor, "that either of the great London, New York, Paris or Milan impresarios could bring out 'Parsifal' with a better cast and more sumptuous decorations than is done here? Frau Cosima is a fighter and has irreparably quarreled with many of the famous singers of the day. These won't go to Bayreuth any more, but would be glad to sing in 'Parsifal' under other than the Wagner management."

One Boston Author's Opinion of the Situation.

In a talk your correspondent had with a Boston author sojourning here, the gentleman raised an extremely interesting point. "No intellectual movement ever profited from being bound to a small community; no work of art can fill its mission as an educator while locked up in a private collection," he said. "Yet that is exactly what Frau Cosima wants to do forever and ever with 'Parsifal'—it shall be heard and seen only by those able to afford time and expense to go to Bayreuth.

"Now, it's a fact that 'Parsifal' is Wagner's sublimest work; no one can say that he knows Wagner thoroughly unless he has heard 'Parsifal.' Yet out of ten thousand music lovers not one may go to this place that Frau Wagner proposes to turn into a Mecca for the faithful. I don't want to doubt Frau Cosima's word, but it's hard to believe that it was Wagner's own intention to go down to posterity as a composer whom the great mass of musical people can never know in his entirety, in the fullness and completeness of his work."

The latter remark was repeated to one of the late maestro's personal friends, who, like the majority of them, has withdrawn from the festival plays.

"'Parsifal,'" he said, "was finished in the year 1882; on July 26, the same year, its initial production took place. Six months later the great genius was dead; but in the meanwhile he had plenty of time to provide against the so-called 'profanation' of 'Parsifal.' But he took no steps looking toward that end, and I honestly think the thought of sequestrating his chef d'oeuvre for a sort of family snap never entered his head. If he intended to keep 'Parsifal' for himself, what was the use of raising heaven and hell to insure its production? He certainly did that, and more, to get 'Parsifal' before the footlights.

Says the Composer Did Not Mean to Neglect Music Lovers.

"Besides, Wagner wasn't a snob. Such an idea as excluding music lovers from his greatest triumph simply because they lacked funds to come to Bayreuth was entirely foreign to his mind."

Wagner's friend admitted that the maestro may have desired to reserve "Parsifal" for his own playhouse during a limited period, but for all time—never!

More the gentlemen wouldn't say, but German musical opinion is less reserved and charitable. Various notable musicians of the fatherland gave your correspondent to understand that the authority Frau Cosima assumes over "Parsifal" and in all matters Wagnerian can be but detrimental to the composer's fame. "Mme. Wagner has quarreled with every one of the eminent musicians who attended the two 'Parsifal' performances conducted by the author," they say. "These men, as far as they are alive to-day, have as clear an understanding of Richard Wagner's intentions as his widow, still Frau Cosima managed to rid Bayreuth of them, one after the other. Their counsel was not wanted, their occasional criticism was characterized as rank blasphemy. The same happened to the old Wagner singers, artists who studied under and with the composer: Frau Cosima made it so hot for them that they had to clear out. Why? Because they had opinions of their own; because their methods were original. As a consequence, new lights have to be found all the time.

"Music will be the gainer by the decision of the Reichstag that puts an end to the 'Parsifal' monopoly twelve years from now," concluded the speaker. "Prolongation of the copyright, for ever so short a time, would be equivalent to an indorsement of Frau Cosima's methods, which no true musician and artist can uphold. As to Mme. Wagner's appeal to the music-lovers of the world, it will be laughed to scorn."

Such is the situation in Bayreuth to-day. Whether Frau Cosima can once more win in the fight for what she considers her own, and hers alone, will depend largely on the temper of her present audience.

Sound the trumpets, then, in true Wagner style, darken the house and on with the play.

Au fin.

MISSOURI BEAUTY: CALIFORNIA.

Interesting Hands of Famous Persons and the Characters They Outline.

King Edward's Palms Resemble Those of the Late Queen's, While Kaiser William of Germany Has Powerful Fingers—Gladstone Possessed the Orator's Hand.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

Her Majesty, the late Queen Victoria, was celebrated for the wonderful beauty of her hand and arm, which, it may be said, extended from the shoulder right to the middle finger tip.

Her hand always inclined toward plumpness, but naturally more so in her later years, when her wedding ring sank into the flesh.

Age in nowise affected the beautiful curve of wrist, which was not the least attractive feature of our late lamented sovereign's remarkable hand and arm.

The hand of King Edward VII is in some respects very much like that of his royal mother.

It is somewhat plump, but with decidedly masculine fingers of medium length. A shake of his Majesty's hand, while as cordial as it well could be, gives one the impression that it belongs to a man of firmness and conscious power.

The Emperor William of Germany has a very powerful hand, which he seems to have inherited from his father rather than from his mother.

It as been described as a very active and impulsive member—if a hand can be said to be impulsive—and it is certainly always on the move.

The Kaiser's hand is rather large, and to be honored with a grip of it is an experience not likely soon to be forgotten. One feels almost as if his hand were in a vise, and physically it is a relief to find it free again.

His Majesty takes a delight in administering a vigorous squeeze to a newcomer who is unaware of his little handshaking peculiarity.

On such an occasion it is remarked by people about the court that the Emperor has been making another of his lasting impressions.

The hand of the Czar of Russia is anything but typical of its power.

It is, indeed, more in keeping with its owner's physique than with his exalted position as autocrat of all the Russias.

It is of rather less than medium size, and one critical observer has written it down as a very weak hand. The fingers are said not to show much in the way of character, although the Czar is not without his strong points, even if they do not ooze out at the tips of his fingers.

George Washington was the possessor of quite remarkable hands.

They were of only medium size, but the thumb was really enormously large.

Washington was distinguished by a quiet, dignified demeanor in which his hands necessarily played a not inconspicuous part. While never obtrusive they spoke of conscious strength and of the enormous power which their owner wielded with a modesty that was almost unique.

The immortal Nelson had a very interesting hand.

It was by no means a large one, and may be said to have been in correct proportion to his general physique, which, as everybody knows, was small.

But his fingers were indicative of that extraordinary tenacity with which he clung to the enemy until he had either destroyed or crippled him into surrender.

Despite his slender frame, the hand and arm which Nelson lost must have been endowed with great strength, if some of the feats with which he is credited can be believed.

From Britain's great naval hero one naturally turns to our most notable military commander. It has been said that the most remarkable features of the Duke of Wellington's hands were his thumbs.

Although there was nothing about them that could be described as abnormal, they were suggestive of grim determination and an iron grip. Fingers, thumbs and knuckles all indicated strength; and the hand of Wellington can be best summed up as the strong hand of a strong man.

The late Earl of Beaconsfield had a very good hand. It was rather under than over the medium size, with well-formed fingers, slender, and of fair length.

Disraeli always took care of his hands, which, after all, have a great deal to do with personal appearance.

Mr. Gladstone's hands were, like his temperament, the very reverse of his doughty opponent's. Not that the G. O. M. was lacking in refinement, ambition, or dogged determination.

His was a big, broad, powerful hand, as the dispatch boxes which he was wont to thumb in the House of Commons would doubtless declare if they could only speak.

More than anything else, perhaps, Gladstone's was the orator's hand.

The writer has heard and seen most of the leading speakers of the period, but none who could make a gesture with the same dramatic effect as the late Liberal leader.

The way in which he could, when moved, shake his clinched hand at the Opposition at Westminster was more expressive of his impetuosity and impatience than even the language which he employed to convey it.

THE IDEAL.

It dwells far aye beyond the hills,
Beyond the sunset's level bars;
And with its haunting voice it fills
The undreamed space beyond the stars.

Yet, there's a whisper in the ear,
"Alas! If thou couldst only see
Not far away, but here and near,
Close, close as thine own heart to thee."

—Arthur Chamberlain.